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## WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era. THE EXILE'S WISH IN WINTER.

Heaven was never bluer, and never Earth

Tis a blessed day to dream away-a day that mig The holiest, first of Sabbaths, that crowned Cre

I should be happy-but a sigh will struggle with m A sigh that comes far-stealing from the frozen North

Too often on these roses, the homesick tears that sta-Fall heavier than the honey-dew the rosy daw

a bird this morning woke, me from a happy dream His note - its heavenly eadence yet is chiming

Sweet violets are nestling upon my heaving breast

In gentler, subtler sympathy than human voice can ect how often, on the slope the sun love

I plucked the hill-born violets, with the best-b loved that live

Still hungering They gave me to the sunny winds, to wast me at the

Falls in the bitter tears that say, "I am alone

Once only take me home again-and on earth's cold I will lie down and die, without a murmur or a moad

Hush-hush! my heart's repining! The Father know Who gave the storm its rainbow, will give me hope

Though rocks upon a troubled sea my restless, achie

Twill win its sure way homeward-for I know what

February, 1853

#### For the National Era LETTERS ON FRANCE.-NO. 3.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan., 1852. MY DEAR MADAM: The upper class was in horror at the restoration of the Republic; the middle class, alarmed and chagrined at their entire loss of power, and regretful of a court at which it had the entrée.

Both instinctively desired the failure of the

new Revolution. These feelings soon produced animosity, and a collision was imminent with the people. To escape from danger, the rich quitted Paris by thousands—retired to the country, or went abroad. Everywhere, and by every one hostile to the Republic, efforts were made to create trouble, distress, and dissatis-faction; and any one, not coinciding in the nefarious means resorted to, was threatened and

The first thing done was to dismiss servants—
to leave off buying, except the barest necessities of life—to give no orders for goods and so paralyze the manufacturers—and make a run upon the banks and savings institutions for coin.

The consequences of this instinctive and deliberate conspiracy may at once be divined. It was clear the Republic could not stand such an assault, and the progress of distress became terrible; while the Government, driven to the wall, was compelled to have recourse to the wildest schemes to maintain itself and relieve the people. To the credit of the working classes, it must be said, they made the most generous sacrifices, and for a long time put up with direst distresses to maintain their Republic for the masses was changed at length into despair and a desire of vengeance. Under the curcumstances, could it be otherwise? Almost the whole of the educated classes stood aloof and hostile, bent only in proving that the Republic could not stand.

This is exactly what occurred up to the 2d of December, 1851, when Louis Napoleon and his desperadoes, finding themselves menaced with destruction, played that daring game which startled, without astonishing, the world. The people, still fondly clinging to their Republic, voted for and sustained the President. They preferred him, with his pretended Socialist views, and the chances of the Empire, to the old regime. The Imperial Government was to them better than the divine right of royalty. So long as he served their purpose, they were content to have him. Next to the Republic, voted for and sustained the President. They preferred him, with his pretended Socialist views, and the chances of the Empire, to the old regime. The Imperial Government was to them better than the divine right of royalty. So long as he served their purpose, they were content to have him. Next to the Republic, voted for and sustained the President. They preferred him, with his pretended Socialist views, and the chances of the Empire, and sustained the President. They preferr and hostile, bent only in proving that the Re-

public could not stand.

The insurrection of June was the climax worst characters were brought up from all parts of France, with the promise of the plun-der of hated Paris—that focus of revolution! Money was scattered among them in profusion and a conflict raged for three days and night-

and a conflict raged for three days and nights, that has few parallels in history.\*

The Government of the time was thoroughly mistified, so various and contradictory were the reports made to it, so unexpected the discoveries and revelations of its friends. All parties seemed embroiled one with another—Legitimists fighting on both sides. Orleanists on both sides. Socialists on both sides. mists fighting on both sides, Orleanists on both sides, Socialists on both sides, workingmen on both sides—thousands fighting against the Government who were for it, and hundreds were arrested who had been all along fighting under the eyes of Government officers, and yet sent off to be shot or deported because they were known to be stanch republicans! The object of getting rid of ardent and influential friends of liberty was attained in this consummated

Money had aiready gained over an important portion of the press, and it is needless to say with what avidity of exaggeration even the smallest circumstances were misrepresented, and how carefully the truth was veiled. The press represents in France, as elsewhere, the paying class. The Government of the workingmen of Paris was now annihilated by it.

The old police, thrown out of employment, had been set secretly at work, and, putting on the air and flourish of the wildest socialism, mixed with the people at their meetings and at their festivals. Frequently their cries (reviving the recollection of the horrors of the first revolution) brought down when the recollection is the reconstruction. revolution) brought down upon them rough freatment; but the press did not fail to call the attention of the middle classes to them, while concealing the facts of the public disap-

Probation of them.

It was by intimidation that the leading members of the Orleans Government and the Legitimists, combined, sought to bring round the class which forms in France, as elsewhere, the opinion; and they succeeded.

When the moment arrived for the election of Legislative Assembly, public opinion, and elergy aiding, returned a Chamber two-rds of which were of the enemies of the Reblie. Little by little, these gentlemen, who deproclaimed themselves stanch Republicans, a almost every man of whom had put for reason and speeches declared the Republic fait accompli—never to be changed—turned and the refused; not even the prisoners, many of the stance in France were implicated in getting it.

round, when they had well assured themselves of their power, (for they had forced their own men into the President's Government,) and displayed their real principles, and their hatred of Republicanism, unblushingly, to astonished

The reaction advanced by rapid strides. The Roman Republic was annihilated by her pretended sister, France. The rest of Italy was re-enchained. In Germany, in Austria, in Hungary, the re-action was everywhere triumphant. All the vengeance of pride long pent up, and suffering, of vanity galled and wounded by the fraternity and equality of the epoch, now burst forth in the maddest invectives and falsehoods in the press, and the most heartless persecutions and cruelties towards the Liberals.

At no time had Liberal institutions had so fine an opportunity for development all over

fine an opportunity for development all over Europe. But the horrors of the Revolution of Europe. But the horrors of the Revolution of 1789, and the progress of civilization, had caused the Liberal party everywhere to take a higher moral stand, and preach conciliation and good will to the richer classes. The popular feeling in that sense was universally strong; hence, the wolf in sheep's clothing was admitted into the new fold, and soon put down all

You will not be surprised that, when the wary old heads of the ruling classes of Europe found they had not only life in their bodies, but actually nothing to fear from the people, they were not long in putting in train their plans, and using their means and personal influence in proving lost ground. sonal influence in recovering lost ground. Their old agents were at hand, only wanting money and occupation, and ready to prove their devotion. No man known or suspected of con-nection with the old police had a chance of employment under the new order of things. They were then doubly devoted to their forme

But I must now speak of the fortunes of Louis Napoleon, the self-styled nephew of the

why, the French nation can tolerate him. How and why they can so tamely, after so many grandiloquent flourishes about liberty, and magnificent threats to annihilate tyrants,

and magnificent threats to annihilate tyrants, quail apparently before, or, more correctly speaking, twine about and applaud, the success and the fortunes of this usurper.

I have already said enough, I believe, to show how small a part, in fact, the people play in the politics of the world—how slow, few, and providential, are their opportunities; and enough perhaps to enable an idea to be formed as to the causes of the present singular state of things.

of things.

Louis Napoleon has been twice well served by the blunderings of his adversaries. The Provisional Government gave him an importance by hesitating to receive him. He was a pretender, and, as such, should have been denied an entrance on the soil of France. Such a man has "rights;" and, having them, could not help becoming the head of a party, or a pretext for trouble. Thousands who deteet him and his claims, having had a glimpse of profit or fortune through him, embraced his cause. In that respect man is the same everywhere. Misery is never to be courted; and how few can resist temptation! visional Government gave him an import-

can resist temptation! He was a second time served by the tyrannical and imprudent acts of the Legislative Assembly; which, after using him as an in-

conspirator—an impostor, on the ground of proof, in the archives of the Foreign Office, showing that he was not the son of Louis Bonaparte—a conspirator, because he was plan-ning, or was the object of plans, for restoring the Empire. These persecutions made him somewhat popular.

After the distressing events we have already

After the distressing events we have already spoken of, originating in the efforts of the middle and upper classes of France to overthrow the Republic, all ranks of persons turned their attention to the supposed nephew of the Emperor, as a compromise between parties. The people instinctively claimed him as a bar to the return of the Bourbons and Orleanists; while those letter perceiving the turn of events. while those latter, perceiving the turn of events, seized upon him, and made him their man to finally break up the Republic; promising to put him aside as soon as he had served their views.

This is exactly what occurred up to the 2d of December, 1851, when Louis Napoleon and

the land!
Liberty indeed! There is no liberty with The insurrection of June was the climax of the plot for its overthrow. Thousands of the None. Their occupation is to gain their daily bread, as they may, in the scramble for existence in times of peace, and to fight, when they have the rare opportunity, and when called upon by the possessors of money, for that liberty they love, as the emblem of the good time

coming.

To blame the French people for their fickle ness is wrong. How on earth could they help themselves? Why not blame the English for themselves? Why not blame the English for their fickleness in applauding the Revolution, then Cromwell, and, in a moment after, Charles II? Did fickleness ever equal that? It was the fickleness of necessity, over which they had no control whatever, and had as much sincerity in it as the forced toleration of Louis Napoleon. There is this difference between the enthusiasm for the latter, and that of Charles II. The French tolerate coldly their purpose for a usurper, as a man to serve their purpose for a destined time; the English applauded their King with vehemence, and their republicanism found admiration even for his vices.

I have said that parties in France, after the

terrible insurrection of June, looked to Louis Napoleon, either as a safeguard against royal-

Napoleon, either as a safeguard against royalty on the one hand, or as an instrument for its
restoration on the other.

As a party, the Bonapartists were contemptible. The foolish "escapades" at Boulogne and
Strasburg were universally ridiculed, as the
fruits and the evidence of a shallow mind.
Great as was the admiration for the Emperor,
Imperialism was the last thing desired; and
the self-styled nephew, neither by his acts gave
evidence of the genius of his uncle, nor by his
personal appearance recalled that face and form
for which all of the blood of the Bonapartes
are distinguished.

for which all of the blood of the Bonapartes are distinguished.

But the pretension, true or false, was useful at the moment, as the means of a compromise. The terrific struggle of June could hardly be played over again. It was one of those victories which are as bad as a defeat. Sooner, then, than drive the people, become suspicious of the game played, to another encounter, the old parties temporized until they were strong

periment must be made, and it was, with suc-cess. Little by little the partisans of the Pre-tender were brought into command—old officers removed, to make way for ambitious and unscrupulous ones. The Assembly got alarmed. It had still men on whom it could rely, but the 2d of December arrived before they wore quite ready.

Now, what part had the people in all this? Apparently none. By this time they had nothing but wishes to give, and those for the success of the President; for the Assembly had

cess of the President; for the Assembly had completely destroyed, one by one, the liberties acquired by the revolution of 1848.

No measures had ever been more despotic, or more despotically carried out, by poor Louis Philippe, than by that republican body now proclaiming itself royalist, and talking of the revolution as a "catastrophe." Step by step it had disarmed the people, gagged the press, placed its own men at the head of the army and pelice, greatly increased both in Paris, purified the National Guards of the working class and republicans, and entrapped and invesigled away any influential democrats, whom they had been unable to seize during the insurthey had been unable to seize during the insurrection of June, 1848, or in the blundering movement of Ledru Rollin in 1849.

The Assembly was triumphant in Paris, as well as in Rome; and the Church, through its aid, was in possession of the colleges and universities, with the object of jesuitizing them.

What more could be wanting to make the As-

the people—doing the romantic by the bed-side of some discovered son of a soldier of the Emof some discovered son of a soldier of the Em-pire; running over some one who had learned to get in his way in a fit of enthusiasm, to give the "Prince" the opportunity of a touching display of kindness, liberality, and sympathy for the working class or the army; and dozens of the like little dramatic episodes, which are useful to Pretenders, and which are never allowed to remain unknown. Moreover, the Prince had written a Socialist

book, or signed one—no matter—and other books of genius, no matter by whom. Then the Prince's name was at the head of subscriptions for erecting cheap lodging-houses for the working class, who of late years, owing to moral and material improvements, had been emigrating, whenever possible, from the dear, miserable, and ancient tenements hitherto inhabited by them from of old.

habited by them from of old.

The Prince, in fact, was to do everything—
and it was thought did do all he could, in spite
of the Assembly; and hence, if he was not
popular, he at least was more useful, and therefore preferable to the Royalists.

Can you wonder, then, if Louis Napoleon,
though coldly received everywhere, in defiance
of his organized "clauseurs" was payertholess.

of his organized "claqueurs," was nevertheless preferred by the people? The Frenchman's significant shrug of the shoulder would be accompanied by the remark, that "the President was more likely to serve them than the old parties." And the Frenchman knows his own parties."

It is impossible here to give a tithe of the history of the duplicities and intrigues for power included in the three years of 1849, 1850, and 1851. The few words we have given 1850, and 1851. The few words we have given may indicate enough for some idea to be formed of it. We all know now that the Assembly was too late. That the President, warned in time, and having a younger, more rapid, vigorous, and more compromised set of men with him, saved himself by a coup d'état; and that he avenged himself upon the british and unfortunate Boulevards of Paris, and their fashionable crowds, drawn by curiosity to witness the spectacle of a military display, by shooting down hundreds whose tongues might have proclaimed or repeated the stories told, contemptuous of his origin. The power was already his, undeniably; the slaughter was a deliberate piece of vengeance, unworthy the "nephew of the Uncle." People will doubt whether the uncle could have been guilty of such a cru-

A prince has always at his disposal a thou-sand ways of rendering himself popular. Louis Napoleon was not exempted from that duty. He had the empire yet to gain, and the vote of the people would be necessary—their tacit vote at least. He therefore set to work to introduce such changes and measures as would be popular, give employment to the people, en-couragement to improvements and manufac-tures, and increase to trade.

But the climax of his policy was the law of

But the climax of his policy was the law of the 28th of February, 1852, establishing Banks of Land Credit. The importance and popu-larity of such a measure may be judged of from the fact that the greatest portion of the lands of France has been for many years deep-ly mortgaged, and the pressure upon the in-dustry, independence, and prosperity of the twenty-four millions having their subsistence therefrom has been such as to call the attention of every successive Government to it. But neither the urgent demands of the oppressed themselves for an amelioration of their condi-tion, nor the efforts of the true friends of France, tion, nor the efforts of the true friends of France, anxious about the consequences of this system, could obtain relief from the Chambers. There was a financial party, interested in the abuse, stronger in the Chambers and in the Government than the millions compromised.

In Germany the system of Banks of Land Credit had been introduced for some years, and had worked with great and good effect. It was therefore no new or visionary scheme that

was therefore no new or visionary scheme that the Government was asked to adopt; but one, the practical results of which had already been ascertained.

The millions of French landholders were

The millions of French landholders were paying eight per cent. for money borrowed for the purposes of improvement, &c. This law relieves them of so high a per centage, enables them to borrow at a lower rate enough to pay off the old burden, with the certainty of entire relief at the end of forty years.

off the old burden, with the certainty of entire relief at the end of forty years.

Thus there is a gain at once by diminution of interest, and a removal of the fear of being ultimately seized and sold out, with the horrors of pauperism before them.

Can any one be surprised, then, if the suffering millions of France, after thirty or forty years wasted in appeals to the Government for relief, should now turn to Louis Napoleon, and, whomsoever he may be, and to whatsoever he may claim and aspire, give him their support? Surely the French people know what sort of Government suits them best—a cold-hearted Republic, or a liberal Empire.

They have tried a variety of systems, and they have found them wanting in the true principles—in the very essence of Government—namely, the amelioration of oppression of every kind, and the correction of abuses. Instead of a Government conscientiously doing the busi-

a Government conscientiously doing the business of the nation, they have found men only ness of the nation, they have found men only aspiring to power for the most selfish purposes. What the people have to consider under such circumstances is, how to turn the selfishness and ambition of these men, whom intrigue and baseness, and not genius, raise to power, to their advantage.

Parties they care not a jot about. The divine or other rights of the Count de Chambord, and such pretenders may amuse the educated.

and such pretenders, may amuse the educated, who for want of excitement require to be oc-cupied with romance and fallacies; but the hard-working masses want Liberty—and true Liberty springs from material prosperity.

Roy.-Mr. H. Penover, of Union county, Illinois, gives the following as a certain cure and preventive of the Potato Rot, as well as being productive of an increase, and an improvement in the quality of the crop:

"Take one peck of fine salt, and mix it thoroughly with half a bushel of Nova Scotia plastrial, because the lieved in the legitimacy of the Count de Chambard in getting it lieved in the legitimacy of the Count de Paris, but not in lord, or that of the Count de Paris, but not in lord, or that of the Count de Paris, but not in lord, or just as the young potato begins to

For the National Era. A VALEDICTION.

BY WILLIAM ALBERT SUTLIFFE. I leave me dream undreamed; my stringed pearls-Sweet boyish hopes which glimmered on my dawn-Strown on the level dark that floods my past; And with my foot upon the threshold-stone-Tutor my trembling tongue to say Farewell Farewell! and yet I linger on the word, The while my eyes are misty, and my voice— Like a strange wind-harp struck by ruder air— Doth pine complainingly, and while my ear Doth catch the tumult of the life to be: I linger on the word, and grasp thy hand, Then turn me to my barque and launch away. Thou back to meadow lands, well known, well tro I to the pathiens, sething, doors so

Without a guide, alone, alone, alone

And all the long, flush, Indian summer days, With a broad glory o'er the browning woods, Will dream, and dream, and I not ever see Their beauty red and golden. Wo is me! My Shakspeare, which I left with leaf turned down At unqueened Katharine dreaming, will be turned By other careless hands, and I away; And many summer eves the crescent moor Will slowly drop behind the ranged hills Past Hesper glowing, and the sunset sheen, ading from gold to purple, will die out Between the two brown peaks which childhood ma The gateway of a promised hoaven beyond,

I leave my dream undreamed, my songs unsung

My olden paths will grow an unworn sward;

I go to other hearts, whose partals ope Never to alien wanderers: whose touch Gives ne'er emotion like a touch of thine; Whose voice comes like the first bleak winter wind Unbosoming a snow-fall; and whose eye Is like an ice-gleam in the Arctic noon. The wide world widens on my anxious sight, And the sweet wind, that drifted boyhood's barque, Freshens into a gale, and sternly chides My dallying on the strand. Once more, Farewell

Fit for the dreaming of a Poet-boy. As I were not, as I had never be

I leave my dream undreamed! my song is sung All intricate ways are mine, all adverse fate, All the rude swelling of the hasty sea. Thine the smooth-swarded, dustless, shaded way, That up by graded terraces and lawns, Slopes to the level of the evening star, Whence broadens out thy yellow vesper-land, Golden with barvest, which thyself shall garner n the near storehouse of thine at less rest Philadelphia, February 23.

### TO THE PEOPLE OF CUYAHOGA, LAKE, AND GE-AUGA COUNTIES.

FELLOW CITIZENS: The official relation which I have so long held towards you is now dissolved. The occasion is one which demands of me an expression of gratitude which I feel towards those in whose service nearly one-half of the business portion of my life has been pel. of the business portion of my life has been spent. I leave you with emotions stronger than those of ordinary friendship. Long have I been sustained by your influence, strengthened by the repeated process of your condenes, and cheered on to effort by your approval of my labors. You have generously excused my errors, and overlooked my imperfections. These circumstances have created within me a feeling of affectionate attachment, of heartfelt gratitude, which can never be effaced while memory shall perform its office.

In return for your kindness, and the confidence reposed in me, I can only say that I have endeavored to discharge my public duties with fidelity. My positions in Congress have been somewhat isolated: I have followed the dictates of my own best judgment; yet my opinions

somewhat isolated: I have followed the dictates of my own best judgment; yet my opinions have been formed with deliberation and careful preparation. In looking over the past, I experience the most unfeigned pleasure in the consciousness that thus far no political opponent, indeed, no slaveholder, has attempted to meet the views I have expressed, or to refute the positions I have taken concerning our con-stitutional relations to slavery. The declamation, misrepresentation, and personal detrac-tion, with which I have been assailed, furnish abundant proof that my opponents were un-willing to assail the doctrines which I main-

My views upon the great questions which now agitate the country are placed upon rec-ord; they are to be found in the official debates ord; they are to be found in the official debates of Congress, and will soon appear in a collected form before the country. To you I may say that I shall cheerfully trust them to the examination and scrutiny of the public, and of those who shall come after us. Whether they shall hereafter be approved or condemned, I can collect any they were the solome accept.

rogress is not more obvious than that which seen in the moral world, or which marks the

political sentiment of our land.

Of all the political issues existing between the parties when I entered Congress, not one now remains. In reviewing the past, it appears appropriate that the issue made upon the exist-ence of a United States Bank, should be conappropriate that the issue made upon the existence of a United States Bank, should be contemporaneous with muddy roads and semimonthly or weekly mails. The absorbing contest in regard to the division of the proceeds of the public lands, and protective tariff, appears appropriate to the period when we travelled on horseback, to New York and other Altantic cities; and we should be no more astonished to meet a conservative, now advocating the ancient mode of carrying the mails on foot, than we should to meet one who attempts to revive the political issues of 1836.

At that time few, very few, admitted Congress to possess the constitutional power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia; now no slaveholder denies it.

In 1840, our people generally regarded slaves as property; now no man will insult us by pretending that slaveholders and doughfaces convened in Congress, by impotent words, arranged in the form of a Congressional Law, can convert the image of God, containing a living immortal soul, into property, and degrade it to the level of a brute.

The popular sentiment among us now denies

to the level of a brute.

The popular sentiment among us now denies the power of human Legislators to sanctify crimes which God has denounced. The man who, under the supposed protection of Congressional law, now buys men and women in the District of Columbia, and sells them to the far South, with the perfect knowledge that they will be hurried to premature graves under the South, with the perfect knowledge that they will be hurried to premature graves under the scourge, is regarded no less a murderer, than he under whose lash the victim expires; nor is the member of Congress who lends his influence to sustain the slave trade there, considered less guilty before the Searcher of hearts, than the man who buys and sells his fellow mortals under the sanction and protection of laws sustained by Congress.

In the city of Washington, we have recently seen children toru from the embrace of their frantic parents, and, moaning and sighing,

that of the President. At length the schism became evident; threats were used, and the Assembly, confident in the army and in its chief, (Changarnier,) talked openly in the "salons" of putting the President aside.

Changarnier was removed. It was a daring step, but there was no alternative. The experiment must be made, and it was, with successful to the main vines, next to the ground, a table spoon full of the above mixture ground, a table spoon full of the above mixture serves death, I think those who commit such revolting crimes should be the first to suffer; but are they more guilty than those members of Congress who put forth their influence to keep in force the law which authorizes these transcendent iniquities?

But you are always that both the late Which

But you are aware that both the late Whig nocratic candidates for President were pledged to sustain the law that authorizes these outrages-committed to sustain crimes at the contemplation of which we shrink back with horror; and yet Christians were asked to vote for them. And we know that every man who voted for these candidates did, in fact, encourage and sustain this commerce in human flesh.

I would not be understood as saying that all who supported Scott and Pierce intended wield their influence to such purpose. I speak not of their motives. I only state a most obvious fact. I do not say that their moral guilt was as great as his who deals in the bodies of mothers and children in Washington city; they did not view the effect of such vote in the same light in which we view it; but I hesicate not to say that I would as soon have voted to continue the slave trade, or deal in human flesh myself, as I would vote for any man pledged to uphold it nor can I think a God of justice would hold me less guilty for voting in favor of a man who I was conscious would sustain that infamous crime, than he would for dealing in the bodies

ment on this subject of moral responsibility connected with political action, has also great ly improved. We no longer hear men denounce others for connecting moral principle with their political action; indeed, the man who now votes without regard to moral duty, is considered either an infidel in principle, or wanting a proper appreciation of his obligations to God and man.

I am happy in saying that the popular senti-

The tone of our pulpit oratory has greatly changed. We no longer hear preachers of the Gospel exhort us to reverence and obey the infamous Fugitive Law; nor do they now at-tempt to argue that slavery is a divine institu-tion. No "lower law" sermons are now print-ed and sent over the land, to insult a Christian

people.

I have not time to speak of the changes Congress; of gag-rules; of trampling upon the right of petition; of the insults, threats, and assaults upon members who, in former times, advocated the great truths which lie at the foundation of our Government. These things have passed away; they exist now only in his-

At no period of the world has popular sentiment been undergoing such rapid improve-ment as at the present day. The literature of our nation, of England, and of Continental Europe, is putting forth a powerful influence in favor of liberty, of truth, of justice, and hu-manity; teaching men to follow the precepts of that Gospel which speaks peace and good will to all men—which directs us to do unto others as we would have them do unto us.

Nothing more distinctly marks the age in which we live, than the application of the doctrines of our holy religion to the political duties of Governments and of people. No real distinction can be drawn between that infidelistinction can be drawn between that infidelistinctions are supported by the control of t ity which denies the responsibility of human action, and that political conservatism which maintains a traffic in human flesh; indeed, I would far sooner share the responsibility of the their masters, w bution, than of that slave-dealer who profanes all that is sacred, and pure, and holy, by pro-fessing to preach of Christ, or to love the Gos-

idly becoming the ruling sentiment of Christen-dom. The heart of the civilized world beats dom. The heart of the civilized world beats for truth, justice, and humanity, and almost every steamer from Europe brings us some cheering, some word of encouragement from the philanthropists of the old world. The Slave Power stands appalled at these

manifestations of popular sympathy for the rights of man and the laws of God. Already have we set bounds to oppression. I give it as the conviction of my mind that slavery will never pass its present limits, if we continue firm and unfaltering in the course which duty

so clearly points out.
Fellow-citizens, you have not been idle spectators of these changes—of this great reform which now marks an epoch in the history of the world. You have been active agents in bringing about these encouraging circumstanaces. For myself, I desire no other or greater earthly honor than that of participating, though in an humble degree, in this work of regenerating our Government—of separating it from the support of slavery and the slave trade—of purifying it from the crimes, the guilt, which now rests upon it, and thus far contributing my humble labors for the cleva-

tion of our race.

It is the cause of God, of humanity; it cannot fail. Truth, present and enduring—eternal justice—constitute the basis on which it rests.

The feeble attempts of man to separate Deity from the beings whom he has created, or to tear from a portion of our race the rights with which he has endowed them, must cease. As surely as God reigns, our cause will triumph. Nor do I think that triumph is far distant.

who shall come after us. Whether they shall hereafter be approved or condemned, I can only say they were the solemn conclusions of my own judgment, after mature and deliberate investigation.

Since you first honored me with a seat in Congress, many changes have come over the physical world around us. Much of the dark forest of our country has given place to fruitful fields; beautiful dwellings now stand where the gloomy wilderness was then unbroken; our railroads have placed us in juxtaposition with the Atlantic cities; and our magnetic telegraphs enable us to converse with friends who are thousands of miles from us; in short, progress is written in unmistakable characters upon the natural world around us; but this progress is not more obvious than that which

I think that triumph is far distant.

But wherher you or I shall remain to participate in that triumph, is of little importance. Let the progress of the past stimulate us to more energetic efforts in future; let our influence, our moral and political enegries, be exerted for the advancement of liberty and humanity, against oppression in all its forms—for the elevation and happiness of mankind; but most especially let us strive to purify ourselves, the people of the free States, and the Federal Government, from the blood of those victims now annually sacrificed under the sanction of Congressional law. Let us be careful that the guilt and the odium of those national murders, those savage cruelties, shall rest on those who commit, who encourage and sanction them.

commit, who encourage and sanction them.

With these sentiments I entered Congressin that body I have not failed to maintai them; you have generously sustained me in doing so; and now, in the fullness of this spirit, we separate; and in it I bid you an affectionate Gon speed in all your future labors for the benefit of mankind.

With feelings of gratitude, of respect, and affectionate attachment, I am your obedient servant, J. R. Giddings. servant, Jefferson, March 8, 1853.

### FREE DEMOCRACY IN MAINE.

Lincoln County .- A Convention of the Free Democracy of this county met at Richmond March 4th. Charles Russell, of Bath, Chairman; G. C. Waterman, Secretary. The Convention was well attended.

Solon Staples, Topsham; Wm. White, Bow loinham; John Hinkley, Georgetown; John Percy, Woolwich; John Boynton, Wiscasset; Jotham Donnell, Alna; Mr. Ames, Newcastle; John Hathorn, Dresden; C. P. Tobie, Lewiston; Wm. Wilson, Bowdoin; J. B. Swanton, Bath : Dea. Hunter, Bristol-were appointed to attend to the formation of a Division of the Liberty League in their respective towns.

Resolved. That the hope of Liberty in this country lies in the creation of a right conscience, and those who control the moral agencies of society are responsible before God and mankind for this work.

Resolved, That the old political parties have

The following resolutions were adopted

terests of the country; while our opponents are iff direct opposition to all those interests.

Resolved, That we rejoice in the formation of the Maine Liberty League, and urge the organization of a Division in every town, with-

Resolved, That we regard our State paper, the Portland Inquirer, as the chief reliance of our cause in the State, and we will give it a more general support.

#### FREE DEMOCRACY IN MICHIGAN.

Washtenaw County.-The Free Democracy of this county met at Saline on the 12th inst. A. Miller, Chairman; T. S. Sanford, Secretary, Dr. W. H. Stevens, T. S. Sanford, and J Ford, were appointed a Township Corresponding Committee.

The following resolution was adopted Resolved, That we regard the Pittsburgh Platform of principles as the only true Demo-cratic ground, and we will maintain it while there is a plank left. Ingham County.-The Free Democracy of

Phelpstown met on the 26th ult., and organized by electing M. M. Chappell President, A. C. Mead Vice President, A. L. Chappell Secre-

The Executive Committee are : H. D. Cobb. Franklin Sheldon, and N. C. Branch.

Lapeer County .- The Free Democrats oryden met for organization on the 1st day of March, Jeremiah Reynolds was chosen Chairman, and Joab Stafford Secretary. The following gentlemen were appointed a Town Corresponding Committee: Seth Hall, Oliver A. Lewis, Russell Watson, Uriah Townsend, and Stephen Grinnell.

# THE LAST GLADIATORIAL EXHIBITION IN

The Broadway Tabernacle, in New York, vas filled to overflowing on Wednesday evening, by the admirers of Hen. John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, who had been announced to deliver a lecture on the above subject. We copy from the New York Times :

"The first portion, and indeed nearly the whole of the lecture, was a minute account of the origin, progress, and final discontinuation of gladiatorial exhibitions in Rome. The evil and the demoralizing effects of such revolting exhibitions were dwelt upon by the lecturer with good effect; and when at last he came to that period at which Christianity had so far mproved the natures of the people, that objecns were made to the continuance of gladia torial fights, the point of the lecturer appeared, and the audience became awakened to the fact that Hon. J. P. Hale, of New Hampshire, was the lecturer. The work of the Reformer was, he said, ever an ungracious task; and particuly so when evils having their origin in antiquity were to be removed. Gladiatorial exhibitions were established and popular in Rome. Rulers were wont to celebrate their triumphs by such scenes, and the people desired to see them. The gladiators were usually captives trained to the ring, and under the control of gratification of their own and the people's un-natural desire for scenes of strife and blood-shed. And consequently, when a few Chris-tians viewed them with horror, and cried out tians viewed them with horror, and cried out for their abolishment, they were answered by such questions as—'What right have you to interfere with our institutions?' 'We do not force you to keep gladiators, or witness gladiatorial exhibitions.' 'If you don't like them, don't come where they are.' 'But whether you like them or not, you have no right to interfere with an established institution, or to endeavor to prevent our owning gladiators and making them fight whenever we choose.' 'Mind your own affairs, and we will attend to ours, or else there may come disruptions.' "There was no mistaking the double entendre of these pretended remonstrances of the old

of these pretended remonstrances of the old Pagans against the reformatory movements of the Christians, and the house rung with ap-plause. Some were evidently pleased with the ingeniousness of the application, and others sympathized with the speaker's known senti-ments on the subject on which the above was intended to bear. Others, imagining that the Union was again in danger, hissed prodi-

"In conclusion, the lecturer said the story was not without its suggestions, and believed that it required no commentator to point them

### BURLEY AND THE PERCH

"Curse that perch!" said he aloud. "Take care, sir," cried Leonard; for the man, in stepping back, nearly trod upon Helen. The angler turned. "What's the matter! Hist, you have frightened my perch. Keep still, can't you?"

Helen drew herself out of the way, and

Leonard remained motionless. He remember-ed Jackeymo, and felt a sympathy for the an-

gler.
"It is the most extraordinary perch, that!" muttered the stranger, soliloquizing. "It has the devil's own luck. It must have been born with a silver spoon in its mouth, that damned perch! I shall never catch it—never! Ha! no—only a weed. I give it up." With this he indignantly jerked the rod from the water, and began to disjoint it. While leisurely engaged in this occupation, he turned to Leonard.

"Humph! are you intimately acquainted with this stream, sir?" "No," answered Leonard. "I never saw it

"And just when I had it nearly ashore, by the very place where you are sitting, on that shelving bank, young man, the line broke, and the perch twisted himself among those roots, and—eaco domen that he was—ran off, hook and all. Well, that fish haunted me; never before had I seen such a fish. Minnows I had caught in the Thames and elsewhere, also gudgeons, and occasionally a dace. But a fish like that—a perch—all his fins up like the like that—a perch—all his fins up like the man and the Briton—the mitred archbishop and the poor field preacher—the Roman Cath—and the seem to live in an unknown world—to speak in an unknown world—to speak in an unknown tongue.

Who of us has not occasionally experienced these thoughts and emotions, in reading and these thoughts and emotions, in reading and these thoughts and characters of Christians of any name—it matters little what; for there is a unity of spirit in all regenerated children is a unknown tongue.

Who of us has not occasionally experienced these thoughts and emotions, in reading and meditating on the lives and characters of Christians of any name—it matters little what; for there is a unity of spirit in all regenerated children is a unity of spirit in all regenerated children is a unity of spirit in all regenerated children is a unity of spirit in all regenerated children is a unity of spirit in all regenerated children is a unity of spirit in all regenerated children is a unity of spirit in all regenerated children is a unity of spirit in all regenerated these thoughts and emotions, in reading and meditating on the lives and characters of Christians of any name—it matters little what; for these thoughts and emotions, in reading and meditating on the lives and characters of Christians of any name—it matters little what; for these thoughts and emotions, in reading and meditating on the lives and characters of Christians of any name—it matters little what; for these thoughts and emotions, in reading and meditating on the lives and characters of Christians of any nam like that—a PERCH—all his fins up like the sails of a man-of-war—a monster perch! a whale of a perch! No, never till then had I known what leviathans lie hid within the deeps. I could not sleep till I had returned; and again, sir—I caught that perch. And this time

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NO. 327

POWER AND PRINCIPLE CHAP. VIII.

MARK SUTHERLAND:

Fair wert thou in the dreams Of early life, thou land of giorious flowers, And summer winds, and low-toned silvery streams, Dim with the shadow of thy laurel bovers.

Fair wort thou with the light On thy blue hills and sleepy waters east rom purple skies, soft deepening into night, Yet slow as if each moment were their law Of glory waning fast

Fade, Dream of Beauty, fade No voice resounding from thy sunny sky.

No gentle breathing through thy fragrant shade

Comes o'er man's path, and whispers 'Liberty

Fade, land of visions, fade 'Elysim

The sun was rising in cloudless splender, or the morning on which Mark Sutherland paused upon an eminence, to throw a farewell glance over the beautiful seems of his child hood and youth—the fair valley of the Pearl East lay the dark boundary of the pine forest pierced by the golden, arrow-like rays of the level sun, or casting long, spear-like shadows athwart the green alluvion—south and west, belts of forest alternated with gaudy cottonfields, and rolling green hills interspersed with graceful groves, until in softly-blended hues they met the distant horizon. From this beautifully-variegated circumference his eye returned to gaze upon the centre of the scene-the Pearl-the lovely river which took its name from the semi-transparent hues of clouded safron, rose, and azure, that seemed not only caught from the glorious sky above, and the gorgeous hills and fields and grove around, but flashed up from the deep channel of the stream as if its clear waters flowed through a bed

At some distance below him, encircled by a bend of the river, lay—like some rich mosaic on the bosom of the vale—"Cashmere," the almost Oriental scene of his youthful love dream.
There was the pebbly beach, with its miniature piers and fairy boats—the lawn, with its flowering and fragrant groves, its crystal founts, its shaded walks and vine-clad arbors; and, nearer the house, the rose terrace, with its millions of odoriferous budding and blooming roses, surrounding as with a crimson glow that white villa and its colonnade of light lonic shafts. At this distance he could see distinctly the bay window, with its purple curtains, of India's boudoir; and at its sight, the image of the beautiful India arose before him. Again he saw her in that poetic harmony of form and coloring that had so ravished his artist soul the slender yet well-rounded figure—the warm, bright countenance, with its amber-hued ringlets, and clear olive complexion deepening into crimson upon cheeks and lips—a beauty in which there was no strong contrast, but all rich harmony—a form that he once had fondly thought clothed a soul as harmonious, as beautiful. They were lost! all lost—home, and bride, and lovely dreams of youth! Do not despise him, or blame me, when I tell you, in despise him, or blame me, when I tell you, in the touching words of Scripture, that " he lifted up his voice and wept." He was but twenty-

one, and this was the first despairing, pass It is very easy to talk and write of the "rewards of virtue," the comfort of a good conscience, the delights of duty. Alas! I am afraid the delights of duty are seldom believed in, and seldomer experienced. Be sure, when a great made, and a great sorrow is felt—nothing—nothing but a loving, Christian faith can con-

man.

Here, then, even a philanthropist might reasonably inquire why all this was done? Why a youth, born and brought up a slaveholder, should, against preconceived ideas, against prudence, against self-interest, against hope, with doubtful good even to the beneficiaries of his self-devotion, beggar himself for the sake of their emancipation? Why he, being no Christian, should make such an immense sacrifice of wealth, position, affection, hope—in short, of all temporal and earthly interests?

We are able to answer, that had a scientific

We are able to answer, that, had a scientific phrenologist examined the moral organs of Mark Sutherland's head, he would have found is answer in the predominant conscientious-NESS. It was, therefore, only a severe sense of justice that laid its iron hand upon him, obliging him to do as he had done—a single sense of justice, such as might have influenced the actions of a Pagan or an Atheist—a hard,

actions of a Pagan or an Atheist—a hard, stern sense of justice, without faith, hope, or love—an uncompromising sense of justice, without self-flattery, promise, or comfort.

He is not as yet a Christian, but he may become one, he must become one, for no great sacrifice was ever made to duty, without Christ claiming that redeemed soul as his own.

After all, perhaps, there is but one sin and sorrow in the world—IDOLATRY—and all forms of evil are comprised within it. It includes all of evil are comprised within it. It includes all shades of sin, from the lightest error that clouds

shades of sin, from the lightest error that clouds the conscience, to the darkest crime that brings endless night upon the soul; and all degrees of suffering, from the discontent that disturbs the passing hour, to the anguish and despair that overwhelms and swallows up all the hopes of life. We are all idolaters. Some god-passion of the heart is ever the deity we worship. Ambition, avarice, love—"the world, the flesh, or the devil," in some form, is always the idol. Perhaps, love; the first, the most disinterested, self-devoted, of all the forms of idolatry, comes nearest to the true worship. But it is not the nearest to the true worship. But it is not the true worship—by all the anguish that it brings,

it is not the true worship.

Oh! if but for a moment we could raise our souls to God in all the self-surrender where-

Angler (solemnly.) "Then, young man, take my advice, and do not give way to its fascinations. Sir, I am a martyr to this stream; it has been the Delilah of my existence."

Leonard (interested—the last sentence seemed to him poetical.) "The Delilah? Sir—the Delilah!"

Angler. "The Delilah. Young man, listen, and be warned by example. When I about your age, I first came to this stream to fish. Sir, on that fatal day, about 3 P. M., I hooked up a fish—such a big one, it must have weighed a pound and a half. Sir, it was that length;" and the angler put finger to wrist. "And just when I had it nearly ashore, by the very place where you are sitting, on that unknown tongue.

Souls to God in all the self-surrender wherewith in passionate devotion we throw our hearts beneath the feet of some weak and perishable form of clay—that were conversion—that were life eternal, and full of joy!

And are there not moments when we catch a glimpse of such a possibility? when brain and heart stand still, thoughtless, breathless? when life itself pauses in the transient revelation of such unsufferable light? And we know that some have entered in and lived in this light all the days of their lives. To many of us, alas! and in most of our moods, they were place where you are sitting, on that

sails of a man-of-war—a monster perch! a whale of a perch! No, never till then had I known what leviathans lie hid within the deeps. I could not sleep till I had returned; and again, sir—I caught that perch. And this time I pulled him fairly out of the water. He escaped; and how did he escape? Sir, he left his eye behind on the hook. Years, long years, have passed since then; but never shall I forget the agony of that moment."

Leonard. "To the perch, sir?"

Angler. "Perch! agony to him? He enjoyed it; agony to me. I gazed on that eye, and the eye looked as sly and as wicked as if it was laughing in my face. Well, sir, I had heard that there is no better bait for a perch, than a perch's eye. I adjusted that eye on the hook, and dropped in the line gently. The water was unusually clear; in two minutes I saw that perch return. He approached the hook; he recognised his eye—frisked his tail—made a plunge—and, as I live, carried off the eye, safe and sound; and I saw him digesting it by the side of that water lily. The mocking fiend! Seven times since that day, in the course of a varied and eventful life, have I caught that perch, and seven times has that perch escaped."

My Novzt.

And the poor field preacher—the Roman Catholic and the Methodist, dwelt in the same language, because both light, spoke the same language, because both dight, spoke the same language, because both light, spoke the same

My Novz. the dying Wolsey to exclaim, "Had I but serv-ed God as diligently as I have served the king;